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## C. V. ESKRIDGE, PROBATE JUDGE, Register of Deeds,

AND  
**NOTARY PUBLIC,**  
FOR BRECKENRIDGE COUNTY, KANSAS.  
Also—Commissioner of Deeds for the Western States, and

**General Land Agent.**  
Persons at a distance having business with the undersigned, will direct their communications to him at Emporia, Kansas.  
may 7-11 C. V. ESKRIDGE.

## I. E. PERLEY, Dealer in

## HARDWARE, STOVES, TINWARE.

Groceries, Provisions, etc., etc.,  
COMMERCIAL ST., EMPORIA, KANSAS.  
may 7-11

## S. N. WOOD, Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Cottonwood Falls, Chase Co., K. T.  
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Chase, Morris, Breckinridge, Madison Butler and Hunter counties.  
87-11

## J. STOTLER, NOTARY PUBLIC,

AT THE "NEWS" OFFICE,  
no 81 EMPORIA, KANSAS.

## LEWIS W. KUHN, Register of Deeds,

AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
ELMENDORF, MADISON COUNTY, KANSAS.  
jan 15-17

## THOS. A. RUSSEL, Attorney at Law and Notary Public,

Office on Levee—KANSAS CITY, MO.  
Collections promptly made. 183-17

## ARTHUR I. BAKER, Attorney at Law,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,  
Dealer in Land Warrants, Town Lots and Shares, Claims, &c.,

AMERICAN BRECKENRIDGE COUNTY, KANSAS.  
Pre-emption business promptly attended to—Money invested and debts collected—Legal instruments carefully drawn up and recorded—Claims filed on and Declaratory Statements promptly forwarded, etc., etc.

Mr. B. is also President of the American Town Company.  
dec 11-17

## H. S. SLEEPER, Civil Engineer and Surveyor.

County Surveyor of Madison County,  
FLORENCE, KANSAS.

People of the Cottonwood please leave orders at the Office of L. D. Bailey, Emporia. n 73

## G. M. WALKER, Civil Engineer and Surveyor.

County Surveyor of Breckinridge County,  
EMPORIA, KANSAS.

Is prepared with superior instruments to do plane surveying, leveling and drafting on short notice. Bridge Plans and Bills made to order.

## J. M. RANKIN, Attorney at Law and General Land Agent.

EMPORIA, KANSAS.

Will practice in the several courts of record in this and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.  
October 9-11

## P. B. PLUMB, Land and Collection Agent.

EMPORIA, KANSAS.

Will invest money for non-residents, make collections, pay taxes, etc.  
June 5

## M. F. CONWAY, Attorney at Law.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Will devote himself exclusively to his profession, and attend to any business which may be entrusted to him with fidelity and dispatch. Particular attention given to cases of disputed pre-emption titles before the Land Office.

Office in Collamore Building, Massachusetts street.  
Jan. 3-11

## ALBERT GRIFFIN, Attorney at Law and Land Agent.

MARSHALL, KANSAS.

Prompt attention given to all business in the Kansas Valley, west of the Pottawatomie Reserve, entrusted to his care.  
aug 14-17

## THOSE DR. C. C. SLOCUM, Physician and Surgeon.

Will please call at his residence half a mile south-east of Emporia.  
n 6-11

## BLACKSMITHING. COX & BAKER.

HAVING established themselves in the above business at Emporia, would announce to the people of the surrounding country that they are fully prepared to do all manner of work in their line of business, in the best manner. They flatter themselves that with their long experience at the business they will be able to give the fullest satisfaction to all who may favor them with their patronage. Prices reasonable.

Emporia, August 1, 1885.—11

## Wagonmaking and Repairing.

JOSEPH RICKBAUGH, having opened a Wagon Shop in Emporia, opposite to Cox & Baker's Blacksmith shop, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line of business, in a satisfactory manner. Wagon, Plow, Harrow, Cultivators, Ox Yokes, etc., made to order.  
n 69-11

## LUMBER AND SAWING.

The American Steam Saw Mill.

LOCATED on the south side of the Cottonwood River, and about one mile west of the Junction of the Negro and Cottonwood Rivers, Madison county, Kansas Territory. A large supply of Lumber always on hand, and will be sold as low as at any other mill in the country.

Having a new mill and all other machinery entirely new, I do not hesitate in calling it one of the very best mills in the Territory. Am ready at all times to accommodate all who may patronize me, with accuracy and dispatch.

jan 8-611 M. M. BAKER, Proprietor.

## ON HAND, a large supply of Orange

seed, warranted good.  
dec 11 HORNBYS & FICE.

## For Sale!

240 ACRES OF LAND near the Cottonwood River, for sale cheap. L. D. BAILEY.

EMPORIA, MARCH 12, 1889.

LIGHTNING RODS, cheap, at  
may 21 FERLEY'S.

# The Kansas News.

"THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER."

VOL. 2—No. 52.

EMPORIA, KANSAS, AUGUST 6, 1889.

WHOLE No. 104.

## JOB PRINTING.

The office of THE KANSAS NEWS is furnished with a complete assortment of the newest styles of Type, Borders, Flourishes, Colors, Cards, Fancy Papers, Colored Inks, Bronze, &c., enabling the proprietor to print CIRCULARS, CARDS, CERTIFICATES OF STOCK, DEEDS, POSTERS, and all other kinds of JOB PRINTING, in a manner unsurpassed in the country. Particular attention paid to printing all kinds of Blanks. Orders for work promptly attended to when accompanied with Cash. "Excellence" is our motto.

Blank Warranty and Mortgage Deeds, Bonds, Executions, Subpoenas, Attachments, Recognizances, etc., constantly on hand.

## The Yankee Pedler.

Old Squire—who some years ago lived in the town of W—, in New Jersey, was "death on pedlars," and would not allow one to come in gun shot of him if he could help it. It so happened that one Nat Tucker, a Yankee pedler of the most incorrigible kind, in dry goods, clocks and other "notions," chanced that way, and having heard of the aversion of the Squire to itinerants of his class, he looked upon him as fair game, and determined to "sell" some of his wares and the old man at the same time. Accordingly the first house he drew up at on entering the town was the house of the Squire. It was at the close of a warm day in July, and the old man sat complacently smoking his pipe under the porch of his house. As Nat approached him with a clock under his arm and a dozen silver spoons in his hand, the old man majestically waved him off, and at the same time exclaiming:

"Clear out! Don't you come in here—I don't want any 'o your tribe round me! I know you."

"Wal, I mus 'low, Squire," said Nat, good naturedly, "that you've got the advantage of me, for I don't know you, and I guess your neighbors don't nuther, for they tell'd me you was a good Christian, and never turned a hungry man away from your door."

"The coolness of Nat caused the Squire to pause, for he was a whole-souled, hospitable man; he began to think he might be mistaken in Nat's true character. At length he inquired, looking the visitor steadily in the face, "Answer me one question—aint you a pedler?"

"Pedler be darned—no," said Nat.

"Then what are you bringing them things in the house for?" queried the old man pointing to the articles which Nat was carrying.

"Wal, the fact is," replied Nat, "I don't much like to leave these silver spoons in my wagon, for somebody might make love to 'em, and as for this clock, I couldn't afford to lose it no how, for it's just one of the greatest clocks out. I want a bowl of bread and milk nation bad, and if you'll not accommodate me I'll hev to go further, and if anybody axes my opinion of yew, in course I'll tell 'em how good you are to strangers."

This settled the matter, and Nat was invited in. The Squire's wife was out, but the old man soon placed a bowl of pure milk and some white bread before Nat, who, laying aside the old-fashioned spoon which the old man brought him, supplied its place with one of his own and proceeded to "go in" as though he had fasted for a month. When he had about half finished his meal, Nat remarked, as he paused to turn his spoon over and eye it admiringly—"how much better milk tastes out'n new silver spone, than it does out'n old one!" "Yes, I s'pose it does," replied the Squire, who had all along been eyeing the remainder of the set, and wishing he was the possessor of them, that he might astonish the old lady (who by the way was given to strong-mindedness, that is, wearing the breeches) on her return.

"I got them ere spoons very cheap," remarked Nat again, as he swallowed a large mouthful of the 'baked,' and I've no doubt my Nance 'll be delighted with 'em."

"I s'pose you wouldn't care about partin' with 'em, wouldn't you?" asked the Squire, hesitatingly.

"Wal, no, I don't keer much about it," answered Nat, "but seein' it's you I bought, and I guess there's some more of the same sort left, which I kin git before I go home. Tell you what I'll dew, Squire—if you'll give me them ere spoons of yore and seventy-five cents to boot, just to pay me for my trouble, they're yours."

"Done!" said the Squire, and immediately he was put into possession of a dozen plated spoons, for which he exchanged a dozen solid, old-fashioned silver ones, and "the boot." Nat seemed to regret his bargain, and showed no disposition to take the old spoons which the Squire laid in a bunch before him, when the latter, fearing he might alter his mind, and demand his property back, left the room for the purpose of stowing them snugly away.

A broad grin passed over Nat's face as the old man disappeared, and rising from his seat, he approached one of those solid, old-fashioned English clocks, specimens of which may yet occasionally be met with, which occupied a position in one corner of the room. Opening the door, Nat carefully cut the cords which sustained the weights, so that the slightest jar would be sure to part them, and then thrusting his knife up underneath the face of the clock, he clipped all the cogs but one from one of the wheels, closed the case again, and had just taken his seat when the Squire entered.

"Tell you what, Squire," said Nat, assuming a frightful expression of countenance, "I begin to feel bad—'fraid I'm goin' to have one of them drafted fix which takes me down sometimes. Yes, there it comes!" he yelled—and immediately after he jumped from his chair high enough almost to touch the ceiling and came down on the floor with a force that shook the house to its foundation.

Bang! bang! went the weights of the old clock, and rick! rick! click! click! snap! snap! went the wheels, till the Squire was fairly dumb-founded, and knew not what to attend to first, the old clock or Nat, who lay writhing upon the floor.

The scene did not last long, however, for Nat very speedily recovered, and then the Squire alluded to the noise which the clock had made. Nat examined it, and pronounced it worn out. He told the Squire he had better either make a rat trap out of it, or sell it to the first second-hand furniture man that came along. Then he incidentally and quite carefully mentioned his own clock, and comparing it with the Squire's, pointed out the new improvements, especially the "alarm" arrangement—at all of which the old man was consummately tickled, and the upshot was that the clocks changed owners as the spoons had—done

previously. Nat receiving the old clock, worth about twenty dollars, for a ten shilling article. Nat now thought it about time to travel, and accordingly departed. He stowed the old clock, together with the Squire's spoons, carefully away in the bottom of his wagon, out of sight, and started, but had not gone far when he met the Squire's wife, of whom he had managed to get a full description, both with regard to her temper and appearance, returning homeward.

"Aint your name Mrs. B.?" he inquired as they met.

"Yes," said the old lady, snappishly, "but what's that to your business?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Nat, "only I didn't know but what you'd like to buy a few notions—a pair of scissors, for instance. I stepped into your house, yonder, and the Squire told me he had broke yours since you bin gone—but he said he wouldn't buy any new ones for you, and you shouldn't buy for yourself."

"Did he say that?" said the old lady, defiance flashing from her eyes.

"He did so," replied Nat, "and said you shouldn't buy scissors or nothing else without his consent."

"It's all very well for him to talk that way behind my back, but he wouldn't do it if I was there."

"I'll show him whether I'll buy anything or not," she continued determinedly, as she immediately proceeded to purchase numerous articles to the amount of about three dollars, all the money she had with her, after which she proceeded homeward boiling over with wrath, and Nat proceeded on his way whistling. Words would fail to give a correct description of the scene of crimination and recrimination which followed when the Squire's wife reached home, and we shall not attempt it, but shall pass on to an incident which occurred some time after.

The old folks had been reconciled to each other, and went by invitation to a neighboring town. While there they found their way into a show-shop, and almost the first thing that attracted their attention was their old clock. It looked as natural as ever, and was altered in nothing save its history—they learned for the first time, from a label upon it, that it had once been the property of Gen. Washington, and that it had been bought at auction by a gentleman, together with the documents proving its identity, and sold to the proprietor of the show for two hundred dollars! Nat Tucker was the last pedler that ever "sold" the Squire.

## The Battle of Solferino.

(From the London Times of June 27.)

At four o'clock in the bright summer morning of Friday last, nearly 350,000 men stood on God's green earth, to begin the work of slaughter. For seventeen hours the multitude swayed to and fro in mortal strife; now here, now there, the surge of battle rolled until night closed in around the retreating ebb. As if hell itself had broken loose, the peals of thunder from the clouds which blackened the sky towards evening, drowned the roar of artillery, and the glaring lightning flashed in company with the fires of the cannon. Picture it to yourself. The gigantic Alps on one side, the hills of Volta on the other, the river Chiase running on to the great plain of Mantua, and in that narrow place 350,000 men doing death's business with all the murderous implements of warfare. Our boasted civilization comes to this—rivers dyeing with human blood; stacks of corpses piled upon the plain; shouts of triumph and groans of despair; men mutilated for life; and misery, mourning and desolation. —Imagination toils in vain to realize the story of more than 350,000 men engaged in mortal conflict over an area the front of which extended 12 miles. The common incident of a battle, the plunging cannon shot, the devouring grape, the advance of long drawn columns, the resistance of dense masses, the furious charges of cavalry, the sudden deploy into lines lengthening in long vista, and meeting in stern and furious collision, bayonet to bayonet; are all in such a mighty battle as this multiplied to indistinctness. We seek in vain to single out the details of slaughter, and the mid howls hoarsely over a mist of carnage. After sixteen hours of thundering sounds and dense smoke, and shrill death-shrieks, and the rush of squadrons shaking the earth, and the measured tramp of many thousands marching to death, and of the shouts of multitudes in strong excitement, the turmoil subsided, and we are told that upon one side alone 35,000 killed and wounded are stretched upon the plain. No eye can take it all in, for it extends beyond human vision; no ear can hear it all, for the boom of the cannon which tears a chasm through the human mass at the wing, is inaudible at the centre; a single groan is lost in such a chaos of butchery as this; we arrive at the point where figures cease to have power to increase our conceptions of multitude, and where the highest force of nomenclature can go no further than to overwhelm us with a feeling of the wickedness of ambition and the horrors of war.

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The

London Times is of opinion that the new terms made by the British Government with the Telegraph Company are not such as will secure the taking of the new stock to the amount required, (\$3,000,000) in the present state of the money market, and that the enterprise is likely to remain in suspense at present. The other two companies which are preparing to lay cables do not ask government aid. They have the advantage of the experiments and mistakes of the first company, with no burden of debt.

## ANOTHER AMERICAN CITIZEN ENSLAVED.

The Quincy (Ill.) Herald regrets to learn that a wealthy and enterprising German citizen of that place, now on a visit to his native land, has been arrested and enrolled in the service of the Prussian army.

## Gamaliel Bailey.

The cypress shadows deepen. But a few days ago, we were called upon to lament the loss of a world-honored and beloved friend, Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham. And now the last arrival from Europe brings us the intelligence that our gifted and dear friend and fellow-laborer, with whose name our own has been so long associated in the *National Era*, is no longer among the living.

As clouds that rake the mountain summits, As waves that know no guiding hand, So swift his brother followed brother From sunshine to the sunless land.

The death of Dr. Bailey will be widely felt as a public calamity. He was one of those men who mould and shape the age in which they live. To no one is the cause of freedom and progress, as embodied in the Republican party, more indebted than to him. Clear-sighted, warm-hearted, generous to a fault, frank in the avowal of his opinions—earnest without fanaticism, bold without temerity, uncompromising yet courteous and charitable, a gentleman always, never stooping to personal invective or controversy—he has been emphatically the man for his place and time. His views were broad and statesman-like—he could not wear the badge of a mere partisan—and he held himself ready always to censure his political friends when, in his view, they were in the wrong, and to commend his opponents whenever they took a step in the right direction. None but those who knew him well, and understood his social and genial nature, and his strong love of approbation, could estimate how much it cost him to maintain, under circumstances to which a weaker man would have yielded as to destiny, his perfect loyalty to truth.

What most impressed us, in our intercourse with him, was the total absence of all cant, cavil, or subterfuge—the transparent honesty and Christian manliness of his character.

In that dark period when his press, in Cincinnati, was twice destroyed by mobs, and in the perilous excitement which at Washington followed the capture of the Pearl with his cargo of fugitive slaves, his courage never faltered. With everything he loved in life at stake, he disregarded alike the menaces of enemies and the persuasions of friends, and refused to make any concession or apology, and, strong in his conscious integrity, challenged the closest scrutiny of his words and actions. The future historian of the anti-slavery movement will find few nobler pictures for his canvas than that of the slight figure of the anti-slavery editor, alone with his family, unarmed and unsupported in the heart of a slaveholding city, calmly confronting an armed and excited multitude, declaring his determination to live and die a free man, and to speak and print his sentiments freely and fully, subject only to the laws of his country; and closing with an appeal, at once touching and manly, to the better natures of his opponents, until threats changed to cheers, and the really generous but misguided populace pressed towards him, not to maltreat or intimidate, but to shake the hand of a brave and honest man.

Personally, we feel assured, Dr. Bailey had no enemies. His genial, hearty, healthful nature, his ingenueness, his delicate regard for the amenities and courtesies of life, his ungrudging admission of the right to differ, his broad catholic charity, endeared him to a wide circle of friends, among the warmest of whom were some who totally dissented from his views on political matters and the moral character of slavery.

Many thoughts and memories crowd upon us, but our heart is too full for words. A true and good man has laid down to his long rest, after bravely fighting the battle of life, leaving his mark upon the age, and a stainless and honored name to his children. The world wherein he labored is better for his sake. He will be greatly missed in the coming struggle (Heaven grant it may be the last and triumphant one!) of freedom with slavery. But God is over all, and no man is indispensable. The broken ranks will be closed, and younger men, who have learned the lessons of liberty in the school of our lamented associates, will take up, and carry forward to its glorious consummation, the great work to which his life was devoted.

## The French Field Telegraph.

From the Paris correspondent of the London Globe.

A war correspondent, dating from Brescia on the 24th of June, reports a fact which has not hitherto transpired, concerning the scientific appliances of electricity to war purposes. It would appear that the remarkable precision and unity of the French evolutions were accomplished by quite a novel sort of flying aides-de-camp. From each corps, once in a position, a horseman rode off to the next division, unrolling on his rapid course a light wire, which no time was lost in adapting to a field apparatus; and the process was repeated all along the French line of twelve miles. Hence the movement of the whole army was known and regulated like clock-work "from dawn to dewy eve," on that decisive day. This arrangement had been planned in Paris, and a supply of gutta percha-covered metal thread forwarded with secrecy and dispatch. It has done its work, and the patent may now be disclosed. Portable galvanism beats portable gas. It was already known to both armies that a special telegraphic corps operated in the rear of the Allies, and laid wires as fast as an advance was made. M. Lair is the Chief Engineer, and the first Frenchman who entered Novara, while the Austrians were scarce yet out of it, was M. Gauthier, of that staff, who set up his box and telegraphed the details of the retreating corps at the moment they were outside the gates.

## Henry Ward Beecher says an impudent

clerk can do almost as much injury to his state as the neglect of the proprietor to advertise his goods. Two undoubted and significant facts, which every one interested should bear in mind.

## Kossuth in Italy.

(From the London News, July 4.)

Kossuth, having arrived on the 22nd at Genoa, proceeded on the following day to Turin. All along the way, on every station, a crowd of Italians assembled to cheer him; a crowd of Hungarian prisoners met him at one place, and recognizing the great leader of their country, shouted their *eyens*. At another place a wounded Italian broke through the crowd; he had belonged, in 1848, to Col. Morti's Italian Legion in Hungary, and wished to express his delight at seeing once more the arms of Italy and Hungary joined. At Asti the military commander himself acted as bugleman to the cheering multitude. At Alessandria, Kossuth had to address the crowd in Italian. After two long interviews with Count Cavour at Turin, the Hungarian exile, in company with a confidential friend of the Sardinian Minister, set out for Parma, to the headquarters of Prince Napoleon. Up to Stradella, where the railway communication came to an end, the same scenes of enthusiasm were witnessed as on the road to Turin; but here, of course, the Italians lost his trace.

When he arrived, after midnight, at Piacenza, the guard at the gates received him with a blunt, "*Che diavolo fate così tardi?*" He could quietly go to a hotel without being recognized. At breakfast, however, the waiter brought the foreigners' book to get the names of the guests inscribed, and seeing the name of "Kossuth," he rushed out of the room like a madman. Not five minutes passed, and all the thirty thousand inhabitants of Piacenza knew already, and as if called together by an alarm bell, they rushed under his windows and shouted their vivas with the heartiest good will. The Mayor and municipality appeared in his room to offer their compliments and services. Montanelli also arrived, the respected last Minister of Tuscany, who lost his arm in 1848, fighting at Curtatone for the liberty of Italy.

The room is soon overcrowded with visitors. Kossuth must take a drive with them, but as he comes down stairs the crowd rushes to him, and kissing his hands and garments, the horses are unharnessed, the Italians drag the carriage along; thousands and thousands follow. Flowers are showered from the windows, and with all the enthusiasm of renaissance liberty, the population lavishes its caresses on the stranger whose name is connected with liberty, and therefore is taken by them for a pledge of their own freedom.

At 2 o'clock P. M., Kossuth arrived at Parma. The town was gaily adorned in expectation of the arrival of Prince Napoleon. Kossuth's companion having been recognized by some Italian standing before the hotel, he asked, "Count Cavour?" Kossuth said "No," when suddenly the eye of the Italian lighted up, and he shouted "Kossuth! evviva Kossuth?" In a few minutes all the town was alive with the news; the crowds assembled outside the hotel; the visitors thronged the parlor, and a guard of honor was placed before the door. The Governor of the province invited him to his box in the theatre, which Kossuth of course declined, since it was Prince Napoleon who had to receive the ovations of the people on that day, and Kossuth would not divert the attention of the Italians.

In fact, if sympathy alone could save Hungary, it would already be safe. But, of course, the liberation of a country requires something more. On the 28th, Kossuth set out for the headquarters of Napoleon, provided with letters of Count Cavour and Prince Napoleon to the Emperor.

## Take Time to Think.

Thoughtless labor is most unprofitable. A carpenter cannot lay out a frame of a house thoughtlessly, and have each part fit its corresponding part. The woman who makes your shirt has to calculate—has to think while cutting it out. It is not lost time we spend in careful thought, in planning our labor, reasoning of effects to result from certain causes. If what is to be sown, let us think of the preparation necessary—of the mode of doing it, of the profit of it—John Brown knows that he wants an eighty-acre lot plowed. When "things come round," he goes at it. He does not stop to think. If wet, no matter—if dry and cloudy, all the same—if the work might profitably be deferred and other work performed, that needs it, it makes no difference to John Brown. If it costs him double the amount it would to perform it at a seasonable time, no matter, John's thoughtlessness keeps him ignorant of his losses; ignorance is bliss, and 'tis folly to be wise. Take time to think, perhaps! Take time to think. There is no need of whirling through life like a popinjay. It is not the way to make the most of it. If you desire cash, you can only get it by thinking, calculating, and laboring for it. If happiness is desired, it is only obtained, substantially, by earnest, serious thought.—*Emory's Journal and Prairie Farmer.*

## Tom Corwin.

This gentleman, somewhat prominent in the world of politics—a bitter opponent of the Democratic party, made a speech recently at Xenia, Ohio. In relation to the fugitive slave law he said:

"He didn't like the fugitive slave law—wouldn't have voted for it; but it was a law, had been sustained by all the courts, and must be obeyed until repealed—if odious, repeal it. Until this was done, its penalties must be enforced by the proper authorities. He would respect a conscientious violation of it, but the courts could not. The sheriff could not stop to ask the man who he was about to hang, whether he was constitutionally opposed to hanging. He ridiculed Squatter Sovereignty; showed how all the pretence of the republic was against it, and hoped that the Republican party, with which he had great pleasure in acting, would not let this heinous creep into its church."

## Handsomeness Women to Travel With.

If it is in contemplation to spend several days at a time in hotels in cities, or in small towns, or to be a good deal in steamboats, to do so with the largest amount of comfort and complacency, in consequence of having the best things and the best places, the first and best and prompt attention from landlords, clerks, and servants, travel with a handsome woman. There is nothing like it. No fairy wand will transmute things so. Beauty "rules the roost" everywhere. It commands everybody, from hostler to host. You may yourself be nobody; you may have a pug nose, a red head; you may be a perfect "duck" of a man—so short and fat that you can't make even a respectable waddle; your face may be peck-marked; your back may be humped; your shank a perfect spindle, and your leg a bow—only a magnificent woman along, and for her sake you will be treated all your journey through as menials treat a master, as courtiers treat their king. We have tried it, reader, in our earlier years and later, and know its delight; not bothering ourselves with any over-nice discriminations, comfort is comfort, whatever may be the motive from which it springs. A diamond is a diamond, although washed from the mud by a blackamore.

## Out of Work.—There is a mournful

truth, which many will appreciate, in the following extract from "Bulls and Bears," a story just completed in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

"To a man out of employment, proscribed, marked, there is nothing so terrible as the *imperturbability* of the close ranks of society around him. Every busy man seems to have found his place; each looks step with his neighbor, and the vast procession moves on. Once out of the serried order, the unhappy wretch can never resume his position. He finds himself the fifth wheel of a coach; there is nothing for him to do—no place for him at the bountiful board where others are fed. He may starve, or drown himself if he likes; the world has no use for and will not miss him."

## How to Do It.—The Chicago Times

says that it once heard of a Temperance Society, composed of twelve individuals, by the rules of which three constituted a quorum for "business," but it required the unanimous consent of all the members to untie any one of the members of this Society would get dry, and when three or four got together, they would hold a "meeting," expel all the others, and thus all the active members of the Society concurring, they would drink as much as they wanted, and then hold another "meeting" and re-elect the expelled members.

## THE DUKE AND THE CHILD.—As

Marshal MacMahon entered Milan, a little girl of five years of age, dressed in white, presented him with a bouquet nearly as big as herself. He raised her up, and placed her standing before him on the saddle. "The child," says a letter, "threw her little arms around the sunburnt head